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"I up, an' off with my hat, an'," sis I, "would it be the will of yer honour to let a poor man know where he'd be likely to meet a gentleman o' the excise, (excise.)"

"I'm shuperwiser, (supervisor,) myself," sis he, "put on yer hat, poor man."

"Sur," sis I, "don't suspect me for an informer, at all, at all; my seed, breed, an' gineration always scorned the like, but a scoundhrel in Malla-lane, has played the puck with me, an' I want a little revinge on him."

"It's all nathral," sis he, "if he ill used ye."

"He's the ruinashon of myself, an' nine motherless grawls; an' he has, at this blessid minit that I spake to ye, forty gallons o' whiskey, in his back-house, unnonst to the gauger."

The gentleman's eye glistened with delight.—"Come along," sis he, "an' if we make a sayshure, I'll give you a guinea to boot."

"Long life to your noble honour," sis I, "I knew yer honour looked like some grand jantleman, an', p'rhaps, yer honour would want a baste to remove the whiskey, an' I have a snug horse an' car at yer honour's sarvice."

My hand for ye, we let no grass grow undher us, till we come to the right place, an' I had Shaune an' the car ready in a jiffy.

The whiskey was saised an' conveyed into my car; an' as we came down towards the guard-house, the shuperwiser slipt the guinea into my fist.

"You deserve it," sis he, "an' here's a crown to drhink the king's health, besides."

"O, you're the jewel of a jantleman," sis I, "long life an' good luck to your noble honour—wheep Shaune—an' I turned up Blarney-lane. The jantleman turned on his heel,"—

"This is our way, over the bridge," sis he.

"But this is my way up the hill, Sur," sis I,—*"wheep, Shaune."*

The jantleman got into a high passion, an' collered me.

"Fair an' easy, ma boohil," sis I, "that's my whiskey, an' here's my permit; an' if I hear another word coming out o' your ugly mouth, I'll get a posse o' them thripe-women below, to cool your courage in the river."

But for all that, he throttled me still, an' flung a hawk's eye round for a constable. A crowd o' brogue-makers an' thripe women now gathered round us.

"Jack Begly," sis a fat thripe woman, to a big brogue-maker, "Jack Begly, have ye the spirit o' a man to stand on yer two pins there, an' see a blagard gauger, throttle any fellow christian."

"Let us have at him, Poll Dooly, the squinting thief," sis another fierce verago, brandishing a large thripe knife, an' before ye could say Jack Robinson, he received a shower of thripes right in his face.

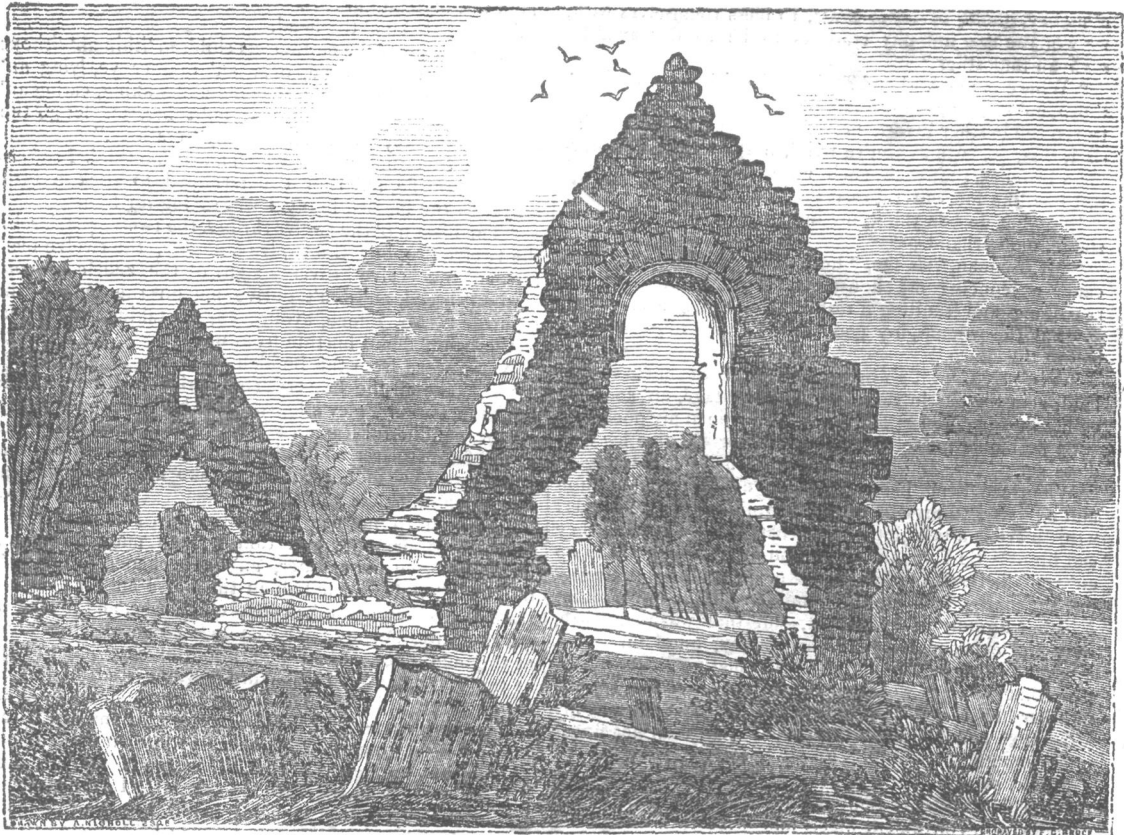
The sogers at the guard-house, hearing the row, rushed out to see the sport, an' while the thripe-women, an' brogue-makers were busy amusing themselves wid the gauger, I slipt away the car as quietly as possible, an' whipt Shaune to the top of his speed, up Blarney-lane. Stopping for a minit to brathe the horse, I heard below, at the distance of half a mile, the roar o' the thripe-women—the clash o' the sogers' bagnits, an' the rattling o' the stones along the shreet. While hundreds came rushing agin me to the bottom of Blarney-lane, I was clearing out at the top of it, an' laving all the fun behind me. From that day to this, I never inthered Cork—not, if I can help it, will I ever again, till the day o' my death. An' wishing you long life an' prosperity,

I remain yer humble sarvunt,

FOR PADDY DOYLE,

Shandagin, May, 1855.

E. W.



KNOCK CHURCH.

This ruin is situated on a hill about two miles from Belfast, a short distance off the leading road to Dundonald, County of Down. It is a celebrated burying-place, and

a conspicuous object in the landscape. From it the town of Belfast and surrounding country is seen to the greatest advantage.